

# The Brandon Mail.

VOL. 5.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22 1888.

No. 43.

## FINE CLOTHING! FINE

We are showing a Great and Beautiful Range of Suits in Sac and 4-button Cutaway :

### 25 SUITS EACH

Dark Fine English Whip Cord, - \$18	Dark Grey (one of our best) - \$16
Grey Check, best Canadian - 15	Fancy, large Check - 14
Dark Tweed, bound. - \$12 50.	

### 25 SUITS EACH

Dark Grey and Brown (double and twisted) - \$10 00 -	All wool, assorted patterns - \$7 to \$9
Odd sizes and patterns, all wool from - 5 00 up -	Black worsted (plain and fancy) \$12 to \$22 50

Boys' Suits, all sizes and styles, in Brown and Black Worsted, all wool. Tweeds and Corduroy. Overcoats, best lines in Satin lining, equal to best custom made garments, also with Fur Collars. Vests with and without shoulder capes.

Boys' Overcoats, very handsome styles and made of the newest patterns and best wearing materials.

**PEA JACKETS** for Men and Boys, nobby and natty styles.

**PAN** :—A great range, cheap goods for every day wear, or fine fabrics well cut and stylish designs for the professional or business man.

We carry the Largest Stock of Clothes in the Province. We have the most Stylish Goods. We can fit any Man or Boy, unless he is deformed. In our immense stock we have a variety of garments such as the long and short Sac, the full and narrow chested, the long and short arm, etc. We also employ a Tailor and make alterations free of charge, thus enabling us to fit any figure, either fat or lean. We're going to make a statement here but we're prepared to prove it—that we can for \$15 give you as good a fit in a suit made of as good material as a Merchant Tailor will charge you \$30 for.

Try us, it won't cost you anything to look through our Stock, and if you want anything in the Clothing line we are sure to suit you.

Yours, on Rock Bottom Prices and Good Fits,

## PAISLEY, MILLER & CARSCADEN.

**LEGAL.**  
**HENDERSON & HENDERSON,**  
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc.,  
Rower Avenue, Brandon.  
Agency to loan on improved farm property.  
F. G. A. Henderson, H. E. Henderson.

**MEDICAL.**  
**DR. SPENCER,**  
(M. D., C. M., Univ. McGill, Montreal.)  
Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Quebec and Manitoba.  
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,  
FIFTH ST., NEXT THE SCHOOL HOUSE,  
BRANDON.

**DR. L. M. MORE,**  
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR  
Member College of Physicians and Surgeons Ontario and Manitoba.  
Office over Dr. Fleming's Drug Store. Residence,  
4th Street, Telephone connection.

**DENTAL.**  
**S. W. McINNES, D.D.S.**  
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College.  
Successor to F. E. DOERING, DENTIST  
Office—Corner 5th Street and Rower Avenue.  
Gas for Painless Extraction of Teeth.  
Teeth inserted without plates. Office always open.

**John Dickson, D.D.S.**  
DENTIST.  
Over FLEMING'S DRUG STORE.  
ENTRANCE ON ROSSER AVENUE.  
ANÆSTHETICS ADMINISTERED FOR PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH

**Auction Sale!**  
—AT THE—  
**BRANDON REPOSITORY,**  
Wednesday, Nov. 15, 1888.  
31 Horses, Horned Stock, Pigs,  
Poultry, Rolling Stock and  
Implements of every  
description.

These sales take place only on the third Wednesday of every month.  
Some of the best Farms in the neighborhood for Sale, cheap, and on reasonable terms.  
CHAS. FILLING, Auctioneer.

**GO TO CHUBB'S**  
**Occidental Restaurant!**  
**HEADQUARTERS**  
FOR GOOD  
**OYSTERS.**

We are the sole agents of this district for Geo. F. Phelps' celebrated Baltimore Oyster, and can do duty competition in Quality and Price. Wholesale and Retail.

**PIPES.**  
Our line of Pipes is now complete and we will be found to have the largest stock west of Winnipeg. 20 per cent. lower than the usual prices asked in the city.

**TOBACCOES.**  
In Tobaccos we have all the leading brands in Chewing and Smoking, Cut and Plug. 20 per cent. discount on all purchases of one dollar and over.

**CIGARS.**  
We have the largest and best stock of Domestic and Imported Cigars in the City, and in which we will not be undersold.  
Confectionery, Candies, Fruit, Meats and Oysters.  
Served in the best style. Everything Fresh.  
P.S.—To THE LADIES—We have the only Ladies' Oyster Parlor in the City with a private entrance from the front street.  
GIVE US A CALL.

**MRS. E. CHUBB,**  
Occidental Restaurant.  
10th Street, South Fraser's.

**Tenders for a Permit to Cut Timber**  
on Dominion Lands in the Province of Manitoba.  
**SEALED TENDERS** addressed to the Acting Deputy Minister of the Interior, and marked "Tender for a permit to cut timber," will be received at this Department until noon, on Monday the 20th day of November, next, for a permit to cut timber on Section 36, Township 1, Range 21, east of the First meridian. The conditions upon which a permit will be issued may be obtained at this Department or at the Crown Timber Office at Winnipeg.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque, payable to the order of the Acting Deputy Minister of the Interior, for the amount of the bonds which the applicant is prepared to pay for the permit.

**JOHN R. HALL,**  
Acting Deputy Minister of the Interior,  
Department of the Interior,  
Ottawa, 17th October, 1888.

**MAIL CONTRACTS.**  
**SEALED TENDERS** addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa, until noon on Friday, 23rd November next, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on proposed contracts for four years, over each of the following routes, from the first of January next—  
Armad and Railway Station—Three times per week, computed distance, five eighty-eight of a mile.  
Brandon and Penelope—Once per week, computed distance, 20 miles.  
Brandon and Rapid City—Six times per week, computed distance, 20 miles.  
Brandon and Mesquite Creek—Once per week, computed distance, 30 miles.  
Erinview and Stonewall—Once per week, computed distance, 25 miles.  
Farmville and Wapella—Once per week, computed distance, 16 miles.  
Fort McLeod and New Oxy—Once per week, computed distance, 25 miles.  
Gravel Station and York Dale—Once per week, computed distance, 42 miles.  
Kinistone and Buckskin—Fortnightly; computed distance, 20 miles.  
Melfort and Moose Jaw—Once per week, computed distance, 25 miles.  
Prince Albert and Puckapunzie—Once per week, computed distance, 22 miles.  
Turtle Mountain and Whitewater Railway Station—Three times a week, computed distance, 25 miles.  
Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contracts may be seen and blank forms of tender obtained at the Post Office at the termini of the respective routes and at this office.

**W. W. McLEOD,**  
Post Office Inspector.  
Post Office Inspector's Office,  
Winnipeg, 18th Oct. 1888.

**Dr. TUMBLETY.**  
NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—The Dr. Tumblety, who was arrested in London on suspicion of complicity in the Whitechapel murders, is remembered by Brooklynites and New Yorkers as Dr. Blackburn, the Indian herb doctor. He is the fellow, who in 1861, burst upon the people of Brooklyn as a sort of modern Count Monte Christo, and cut a wide swath in the affections of certain susceptible women. After a few months he dropped out of sight as suddenly as he had appeared, and was next heard of being implicated in the famous yellow fever importations and "Black Bag" plots that the rebel sympathizers tried to develop in New York during the civil war. Afterwards he visited this city and Brooklyn at about semi-regular intervals and became a member of several questionable clubs. Ten years ago he finally disappeared.  
Tumblety came to New York in 1864 from Nova Scotia, where he was known as doctor Sullivan. It is claimed Sullivan fled to the States to escape arrest for malpractice, having nearly killed a patient he had been called upon to attend by administering wrong medicines. The authorities were informed of the strange goings-on in the doctor's office, but were unable to get sufficient evidence against Sullivan or Tumblety to warrant them in taking him into custody. Sixteen or seventeen years since Tumblety had some difficulty with Editor Ralston, of Frank Leslie's Weekly. The outcome was a full exposure of his doings in Nova Scotia, and also in this city. He has been known to Inspector Byrne for over twenty years, and has always been regarded as a suspicious and mysterious individual.

**Xmas Cards by Mail.**  
Owing to the great demand for our Mail parcels of Xmas Cards last season, we have again decided to put up in post paid packages of 25, 50, 75, and 100 cents, Xmas Cards are all this year's styles and were personally selected. As there is very little profit in them for ourselves, this is the only notice that will appear. This is a grand opportunity for those who are not able to call and select for themselves. We will refund the money if not satisfactory. First come First choice. First served. Address  
Cliff's Bookstore,  
Brandon.  
It is believed petroleum may yet be found in the vicinity of Langenburg.  
Morden is boring for an artesian well.  
Port Arthur has received 780,000 bushels of wheat less than the quantity at the same time last season.  
Mr. Strangways, teacher at Deloraine, is going preaching.  
Wolves are plentiful in the vicinity of Edgemoor.  
Mooseomin is going to have a new brass band.

The witty "It was never happy unless jesting. He had once printed and circulated some last words of a street robber named Elston, purporting to be written shortly before his execution, in which the condemned man was made to say: "Now, as I am a dying man, I have done something which may be of good unto the public. I have left with one honest man, the only honest man I was ever acquainted with—the names of all my wicked brethren, the places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed, in many of which I have been their accomplice, and heard the rest from their own mouths. I have likewise set down the names of those we call our editors, of the wicked houses we frequent, and all of those who receive and buy our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man, and have received his promise upon oath that whenever his hours of leisure come to be tried for robbery or house-breaking he will look into his list, and if he finds the name there of the thief concerned to send the whole paper to the Government. Of this I here give my companions fair and public warning, and hope they will take it." This piece was a good one, and had at least as rarely the case with practical jokes, a good subject for street robberies were for a long time suspended.

Delicate young ladies, whom often the least exertion tires, will find that a little time regularly spent in the garden will have a favorable effect upon them. Devote the first part of the morning, an hour before sunset, to your garden. Commence with what seems the most pleasant work—tying a climbing vine against the porch, cutting off the faded flowers, or raking a flower bed. But do not tire yourself out in the beginning; better to work only five minutes at a time than become fatigued and discouraged. With your interest your strength will increase, your drooping spirits revive, and the blush of your roses become reflected upon your cheeks.

**DUNN'S BAKING POWDER**  
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

**D. LOW'S WORM SYRUP**  
DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS. SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD.







THE

GOLDEN LION.



THE

GOLDEN LION.

## THE LARGEST FUR HOUSE IN BRANDON.

\$10,000 worth to choose from, manufactured expressly for our own trade by the celebrated makers, Silverman, Boulter & Co., Montreal.

Fur Coats, Caps, Mitts, Muffs, Collars, Collarettes, Capes, Robes, &c.—No other house in this city can show you the same lines or assortment.

## CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

In this Department we lead, showing at present the largest and finest selected stock in Manitoba, and having lately passed into stock a \$5,000 lot, bought at 52¢ on the \$, we are in a position to offer you clothing at less than manufacturers' prices. You can save 25 per cent by buying your clothing at THE GOLDEN LION.

**ROOTS AND SHOES**—This Department we are closing out and until the entire stock is disposed of we are offering 20 Per Cent Discount.

## DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.

This is an important department with us, and for the past three weeks has had a regular **BOOM**. We were obliged to repeat orders for several lines of Dress Goods to keep up the assortment. Good honest goods at popular prices draw the crowds.

Groat Bargains in Melton Dress Goods for the next two weeks.

Mantle Cloths, Ulster Cloths and Coatings at popular prices, cut free of charge.

Visit the GOLDEN LION for bargains.

Farmers' produce taken same as spot cash.

# Somerville, McKelvie & Co., GOLDEN LION.

### Brandon Weekly Mail

THURSDAY, NOV. 22, 1888.

#### COMING TON.

That political thinker the Winnipeg Sun, is at length causing trouble on the railway question. Hear it:

"It has come at last that the matter will have to be fought out in the courts, and before such constitutional tribunals as are open to the Manitoba government; and this, after all, under a responsible system of government, is the course that must in the end be followed."

When Mr. Norquay, a year and a half ago, commenced the construction of the R. R. V. R. without a charter, under the Federal governments protest, in the face of injunctions, and with the C. B. R.'s monopoly in full force by law, that political thinker threw up his hat and shouted Bravo, Mr. Norquay. It was not constitution, law or order it was after then.

When Greenway appealed to the country the P. T. supported every one of his candidates, arguing he was going to do what Norquay had failed in, with the circumstances unchanged. When after the Dominion parliament gave Greenway the assurance that the government would not in the future disallow the charters of roads similar in effect to the R. R. V. R. The P. T. declares that this was the right to build roads where ever desired, and matter, Martin & Co. chase, without ever asking any one interested "with your leave, Martin & Co. called the second and the third session of the House, for the purpose of enforcing unconstitutional means [for it different means in the future are to be constitutional, those of the past are admitted to have been unconstitutional] to construct their roads, entrusting thousands and thousands of dollars of loss upon the country through their determination to enforce their unconstitutional measures. The P. T. also clapped them on the shoulders and declared them to be the saviors of the country. Now however, when his words and masters have run the length of their tether and when bombast proves to be ineffectual—when virtue becomes a necessity, the P. T. says "this (a constitutional) course" after all, under a responsible system of government, is the course that must in the end be followed. Now why in the name of all that is sacred did not the P. T. suggest this before, or rather why did it not endorse the MAIL'S advocacy of this line of action from the first. The reason is, apparent. There is an element in Winnipeg, who thought their

interests would be best served by such an action the P. T. considered it to be its duty to pamper to the whims of that element that it might the better pick the pockets in advertising patronage and right handsomely has it done it. If that element now feels any the better for its depletion of shakels, we have no especial reason to complain. But what of the journalism?—A newspaper—Yes, the P. T. calls it—self a newspaper—recommending a course that it knew to be unconstitutional, endorsing a government in a course it knew to be unconstitutional, merely because it lied the credulous of Winnipeg thereby, and now turning tail too, when there are no more flesh pots in Egypt, and adopting a line of action it all along so prominently denounced. Those of the public who can be gulled in that way can deserve but little general sympathy.

#### THE RAILWAY SITUATION.

We again deem it our duty to call the attention of Brandonites and others interested in the growth of this city and the development of its surroundings, which means all the settlers within 25 or 30 miles of the place, to the danger of allowing railway legislation to drift along as it is drifting without a word of instruction to the representatives from this part of the country. In the application of the N.P. and M. R.R. Co. to Ottawa for charters, the proposition is to build a line from Morris to Brandon, with a branch from some point on it 15 miles south of Souris City, to the Souris coal fields. This in operation will leave Brandon a waystation so far as the N.P. and M. system is concerned, and take the traffic to the southwest, now naturally the right of this city, to Winnipeg or other points east. A train leaving the coal fields in the morning, for instance, will pass on easterly from the junction, it will not turn up to Brandon, and thus passenger traffic or trade intended for Brandon, in the natural course of things, will either have to remain at the junction until a train comes northerly or pass on easterly without stoppage. The course will be to take the trip that makes no delays, and thus will our city be done out of its natural business. Besides as by such a route the distance from Winnipeg to southwest will be made so much more nearly equal to that from Brandon, wholesalers at Winnipeg will be the better placed in a position to capture the trade, and Brandon houses, though geographically much nearer, will be placed at a disadvantage. As the government is affording most of the necessary means to build these proposed lines, it can have much to say in their location, and to bring about the neces-

sary action our people ought to be up and doing if our members refuse to act. If such a branch is not now built one from Brandon southwesterly will eventually be built either by the C. P. R. or by some other company, but if such branch is now built, it will forever or for the life of a generation at least, shut out the chances of a line through Plum Creek and Southwesterly. In this article we have said nothing but for the welfare of this part of the province, and in saying what we have said, we have done our duty. It remains now for the people to do theirs or abide by the consequences.

It is said the Local government contemplates the overhauling of the Board of education, and a sweeping reduction in the salaries of officials. It may be that changes in management can be made with good effect in short we are of the opinion they can be, but we do not think a reduction of salaries can be made without doing serious mischief. In some minor, or comparatively unimportant offices the question of salaries can always be rigidly considered with good effect; but the case of the principal officers, cannot be employed in education offices, to the same purpose. The experience of educationists, is the world over, that it is always difficult matter to get suitable men for superintendents, inspectors or even teachers. Men with sufficient literary attainments can always be found, but they are a small portion of the necessary qualifications for these responsible positions, so that when good men are found the chief aim of their employers ought to be to encourage them in their duties rather than discourage them by sweeping reductions in their salaries. We cannot say much for the qualifications of Mr. Somers, but all agree that better men than Messrs Goggin and McIntire it would be hard to find. Why then drive them out of their situation by a starvation process? If the expenses of the injunctions and other foolhardy capers in connection with the railway forces of the past year have so drawn on the treasury that the bottom is reached, why not cut off half the number of crown attorneys at assize courts, even if Mr. Martin's law partner gets done out of a job, confine the number of parliamentary sessions to one instead of three a year, and employ some one with brains for attorney general who would save the province all the unnecessary cost of experiments that has been indulged in the past nine months of this year.

A. H. Jennie, Mr. Norquay's private secretary, has gone to China. It is a pity he did not go there seven years ago.

The reference of the Grand Jury to the unexampled conduct of the local government on the railway question was apropos. We had a government, but more especially an attorney general, who of all others ought to set a worthy example on law observance, violating it at every step and passing acts to legalize his violations, until a huge debt was heaped up for the sake of gratifying his own peculiar political eccentricities; and then when he got the length of his rope, and was compelled to reduce necessity to a virtue, he decided to abide by constitutional acts alone. The jury declared as all responsible men in the province must declare, it is a pity the government did not begin with that resolution at the outset.

And now we find that Winnipeg Solomon, Jimmy Stern, giving words of wisdom on the railway situation. Just hear him, ye gods and small fishes:

"The Dominion Government must bear that burden. When crossings of the C. P. R. were wanted over the Grand Trunk, the Railway Committee could act promptly with an Order in Council, but when the Province of Manitoba wished a crossing of the C. P. R., it was found that difficulties were in the way, which the committee found it convenient to refer to the Supreme Court to settle."

Does Jimmy know both the C. P. R. and the Grand Trunk are operating under Federal charters, and that both roads are then as the act puts it, "works for the general advantage of Canada?" In law, then, there is no doubt as to the one of these having a right to cross the other. On the other hand Jimmy's pet road the N. P. and M. has not a Federal charter—nothing but a provincial one, and a rotten one at that; and the railway committee referred the question as to whether a road under a provincial charter had, as to crossing a road with a Federal charter, the same legal rights of the latter. Jimmy ought to know there is a difference in law between the two situations, and if he was not stupefied with ignorance and prejudice, in the size of his proportions, he would readily admit it.

In our last issue, we sent out accounts to all in arrears for subscription to the Mail, and we want them paid. Paper bills have to be paid every three months, wages and rent are cash, as is also fuel which the farmers from whom we have frequently bought, well know so that all expenses connected with publishing a paper are next to cash, and some of our accounts extend over five years. Justice to ourselves compels us to now insist on payment of all outstanding accounts. Every thing the farmer produces is a cash article, and at this season of the year

marketable at a fair price, so there ought to be no longer delays. The paper may not contain as much reading matter as other prints published in larger places, but editorially we have made the invariable rule to tell the truth about public questions, whether popular or otherwise, which we think all who have followed us carefully will appreciate. In view of this all who wish the office well will remit all arrears at once, and those who do not will find their accounts in other hands for collection after the first of December.

We always thought the Winnipeg Sun was built on the true gutter snipe principle, but the public have no doubt about it now. On Saturday last it published what it represented as the presentation of the Grand Jury of this district, but what was in reality but a skeleton of it, expunging some sections that grieved upon its sense of support to the Greenway government. Such conduct is unworthy of any print professing to be a newspaper, but much more so in a print representing it is "independent" and unbiased by political feelings. What do the people of Western Manitoba, from whom it has of late sought support, think of such reprehensible conduct?

That section of the Grand Jury's presentation advising the reduction of expenses in connection with the cost of Criminal prosecutions was certainly well put. In the late session there were two prosecuting attorneys, one a local man and the other a Winnipeg attorney, and between them both there was not a single conviction obtained. The unfortunate man Webb, was of course sentenced, but he pleaded guilty to this charge himself. In Ontario it is nothing out of the usual course to see a docket of twice the length handled by one man; but in the rich province, under an economical administration it is found necessary to double up the legal fraternity in every nook where there are pickings to be had.

#### A Bad Case.

Mr. Mayor Robert Bowie, Brockville, Ont., says: "I used Nasal Balm for a bad case of catarrh, and it cured me after having ineffectually tried many other remedies. It never fails to give immediate relief for cold in the head."

#### Prevailing Sickness.

The most prevailing complaints at this season are rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throats, inflammations, and congestions. For all these and other painful troubles Magyard's Yellow Oil is the best internal and external remedy.



"Jasper, you must marry. My son, let me see your children round my knees before I die."

The words touched him greatly; and that same day his mother came to him with a pained, expectant look on her face.

"Jasper," she said, "the daughter of my dearest friend is coming to Queen's Chace—Marie Valbruna—and I should be happy if I could see her your wife."

Lady Marie came—a handsome, animated blonde, with the worship of monsoon in her heart. She was most lively and fascinating. She won the heart of Sir Francis. She made Lady Brandon love her, even Jasper, with the shadow of dead love darkening his life, was pleased with her. Lady Marie Valbruna was of the world worldly; she knew the just value of everything. She saw that there was no position in England more enviable than that of Lady Brandon of Queen's Chace, and she determined that it should be hers. She devoted herself entirely to Jasper, that in a certain way he relied upon her; her keen worldly knowledge and her just appreciation of persons and things were useful to him.

"If you are really going to devote your life to politics," said a friend to him one day, "you should marry Lady Marie. She could manage everything for you."

And the end of it was, that to give pleasure to his parents, he married Lady Marie. But he was quite honest with her. He did not tell her the story of his marriage—he could not have borne her questions, her wonder, her remarks, and have lived—his dead love was far too sacred for that—but he told her that he had no love to give her, but honor and esteem only.

Lady Marie smiled in the most charming manner. She mentally congratulated herself—if she could have all the good things that belonged to Queen's Chace without being teased about her, so much the better.

The marriage took place, and everyone thought well of it. People said it was the most suitable match they had ever known; universal approval followed it. Sir Francis declared he had nothing left to live for. Lady Brandon was quite content. As time passed on, it became more and more evident that the marriage was a most suitable one. Lady Marie Brandon found herself heart and soul into her husband's interests—he owned himself that she was his right hand. When his reasoning, his clear, logical, failed, then her powers of intuition succeeded. Lady Marie Brandon became a power in her way. Her house in town was always one long brilliant evening. Her drawing-rooms were always crowded, people attended to balls and dinners as though they had received royal bidding.

Jasper had his reward. When old Sir Francis lay dying, he called his son to his bedside and laid his trembling hand in blessing on him.

"You have been a good son to me, Jasper," he said. "You have never seen me one moment's sorrow or pain. So I dying I bless you and thank you."

They were pleasant words; they repaid him for having sacrificed his inheritance and married Lady Marie Valbruna. Old Sir Francis died with a smile on his face, and Jasper succeeded him. Some months afterward a little daughter was born to him, who by his mother's wish was called Katherine, and when Katherine was a child of seven Lady Brandon died. Then Sir Jasper and his wife took up their abode at Queen's Chace. The time came when the name was a tower of strength in the land, when men rejoiced to see him at the head of the mightiest party, when he became the very hope of the nation for his clear, calm judgment, his earnest truth, his marvelous talents. No one ever asked if he were happy in the midst of it all. He was courted, popular, famous, but his face was not the face of a happy man, and once—his wife never forgot it—he had fallen away after perhaps the most brilliant reception ever accorded to a public man, and when Lady Brandon went to him, the pillow on which his head had lain was wet with tears.

#### CHAPTER II.

Seventeen years had passed since the death of Katherine Brandon, and no other child had been given to Queen's Chace. The long-wished-for heir had never appeared, and the hopes of both parents were centred in the beautiful young heiress. She was just seventeen, and a more perfectly lovely ideal of an English girl could not have been found. To look at her was a pleasure. The tall slender figure with its perfect lines and curves, the face with its glow of youthful health, the subtle grace of movement, the free easy carriage, the quick graceful step, were all as pleasant as they were rare. Like her mother, she was a blonde beauty, but she had more color, greater vigor. Her hair was of golden brown—pure gold in the sunlight, brown in the shade.

Her eyes were of a lovely violet hue; they looked like pansies steeped in dew.

Her face had a most exquisite color. Lilies and roses so perfectly blended that it was impossible to tell where one began and the other ended. It was an English face—no other land could have produced such a one. The mouth was beautiful, the lips were sweet and arch, revealing little white teeth that shone like pearls; a lovely dimple chin, a white rounded throat, and beautiful hands, completed the list of charms. There was an air of vitality and health about her that was irresistible.

She was as English in character as in face. She was essentially Saxon, true in thought, word, and deed, sincere, earnest, transparently candid, generous, slightly prejudiced and intolerant, proud with a quick, bright pride that was but "a virtue run to seed"—a most charming, lovable character, not perhaps of the most exalted type. She would never have made a poetess or a tragedy queen; there was no sad, tragical story in her lovely young face; but she was essentially womanly, quickly moved to sweetness pity and compassion, keenly sensitive, nobly generous. All her short sweet life she had been called "Heiress of Queen's Chace." She was woman enough to be more than pleased with her lot in life—she was proud of it. She loved the bright beautiful world, and, above all, she loved her own share in it. She would rather have been heiress of Queen's Chace, she declared, than Queen of England. She loved the place, she enjoyed the honors and advantages connected with it. She had inherited just sufficient of her mother's character to make her appreciate the advantages of her position. The great difference between them was that Lady Brandon loved the world, the pomp, the honors of the world, while Katherine loved its brightness and its pleasures.

Sir Jasper was very much attached to his daughter; his own wife never remitted him of his lost love, but his daughter did. Something in her bright, glad youth, in her sunny laughter, in her bright eyes, reminded him of the beautiful Venetian girl whom he had loved so madly. In these later years all the love of his life had centred in his daughter, all the little happiness that he enjoyed came from her—with her he forgot his life-long pain, and was at peace.

She was heiress of Queen's Chace. He had taken the greatest pride and care in her education. She was accomplished in the full sense of the word. She spoke French, Italian, and German. She sang with a clear, sweet voice. She danced gracefully, and was no mean artist. Her father had taken care that no pains should be spared in her education, no expense, no labor. The result was she developed into a brilliantly accomplished girl. He was delighted with her.

Katherine Brandon had had her debut; royal eyes had glanced kindly at the fair, bright young face. She had more lovers than she could count; a beauty, a great heiress, clever, accomplished, with a laugh like clear music and spirits that never failed, no wonder that some of the most eligible men in England were at her feet. She only laughed at them at present. It was the time for smiles; tears would come afterward. If there was one she liked a little better than the rest, it was Lord Wrenleigh, the son of the Earl of Woodwyn, the poorest earl in England.

Lord Wrenleigh was handsome and clever. He had had a hard fight with the world, for he found it difficult to keep up appearances on a small income; but he forgot his poverty and everything else when he fell in love with charming, tantalizing, imperious Katherine Brandon. Would she ever care for him? At present the difference in her behavior toward him and her other lovers was that she laughed more at him, affected greater familiarity toward him, but never looked at him, and she flushed crimson at the mention of his name.

That same year Sir Jasper was much overtasked with work; he was so ill as to be compelled to consult a physician, who told him that he could not always live at high pressure, and that if he wished to save himself he must give up work and rest for a time. In order to do this the illustrious statesman decided on going to Queen's Chace, the home that he loved so well. Someone suggested that he should go abroad. He shrank with horror from the idea.

So the whole family went to Queen's Chace. Sir Jasper invited a party of friends for Christmas. Until Christmas he promised himself perfect rest. It was at the beginning of October that he received the letter which so altered the course of his life and that of others. It was from Assunta di Cynthia—written on her deathbed.

On her deathbed she had written her approaching dissolution had shown her that she had misjudged some things and mistaken others. She wrote to the man

would keep her. She had refused his help, she would have nothing from him. She would take no money, nor anything else from him. She had told him that he must wash his hands of the child, and he had done so. If ever he thought about her, he concluded that she would be brought up in entire ignorance of England and of him, that she would marry some Venetian, but of late he had thought but little of her, and during the past three or four years she had faded from his mind.

So the letter was a terrible blow to him. He asked himself what he should do, for it had suddenly occurred to him that Veronica was his eldest daughter, and that she—not the golden-haired girl singing with the clear voice of a bird—was the heiress of Queen's Chace, and the thought pierced his soul like a sharp sword. What should he do?

His first impulse was to tell his story; then second thoughts came—he would not. Of all people living his wife was, perhaps, the most unsympathetic; he could not take the treasured love-story from his heart and hold it up to public gaze; he could not have uttered the name of Giulia, nor have told how she died, when the sun was setting, with her head on his breast. It would have been easier for him to tear the living, beating heart from his breast than to do this.

He could imagine his wife's cold, proud, handsome eyes dilating in unmitigated wonder; he could hear the cold, grave voice saying, "What a romance! Why have you hidden it all these years?" He could anticipate the sneers, the comments about the great statesman's love-story. Ah, if it had but been possible for him to die with her!

So he sat there musing, with Assunta's letter in his hand. He found afterward that he had missed one paragraph, in which she told him that she had prepared Veronica to live for the future with her English guardian.

Sir Jasper Brandon suffered keenly. He was an English gentleman, with English notions of right and wrong. He hated all injustice, all concealment, all deceit, all fraud, all wrongdoing, all dishonesty; yet he did not, on receipt of Assunta's letter, tell his wife and daughter the truth. He said to himself that he would wait and see what Veronica was like.

"You look perplexed and thoughtful, papa," said Katherine Brandon. "Let me help you. Women's wits, they say, are quicker and keener than men's."

"It is a lie!" he replied, trying to speak lightly. "I may well look perplexed, Katherine—I am dismayed."

Lady Brandon closed her book and looked at him.

"You dismayed?" she cried. "What has happened? Has Brookes voted with the Opposition, or what?"

"It is nothing of that kind," said the politician. "This is a domestic difficulty, about which I shall have to ask your help."

At the word "domestic" Lady Brandon opened her book again—matters of that description never interested her.

"The fact is," continued Sir Jasper, "that a friend of mine has died lately in Italy, and has left me a ward."

"A ward!" cried Lady Brandon. "How intolerable! What a liberty to take!"

"A ward?" cried Katherine. "How strange, papa!"

Sir Jasper turned quickly to his wife. He never spoke unkindly or angrily to her, even when she annoyed him.

"Do not say 'intolerable' Marie; we must make the best of it."

"But who is it?" cried her ladyship. "Of course, it is a be anyone of position, that would make a difference."

"The young lady—my ward, Veronica di Cytha—is descended from one of the first families in Italy," he said, "and she has, or will have, a large fortune."

"And is that too placed in your hands?" asked his wife.

"That also is in my hands," he replied bravely.

"But, Jasper," cried her ladyship, "surely you are going to tell us more?"

Who is, or rather who w. s. your friend? Tell me; I want to know the whole history."

He waded to the end of the long drawing-room and back before he replied; then he said, briefly:

"I have nothing to tell. I met the Di Cynthia when I was abroad, and that accounts for the trust so far as I can account for it."

Lady Brandon had studied her husband long enough to know that when he spoke in the tone that he now did it was quite useless to persevere in making inquiries.

"Some friends whom he met in Italy," she said to herself. "Most probably as he is so reticent, it was a political friend—indeed, now I come to think of it, that solves the mystery. There is a political secret hidden under the mystery."

Once feeling sure of that, Lady Brandon resigned herself to circumstances.

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## A GILDED SIN.

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

## CHAPTER I.

"The pleasant vices of your youth make lashes which scourge us in old age!" No words were ever more true, more full of wisdom, more full of warning, than these.

So Sir Jasper Brandon thought on this Christmas Eve, when the mystery, beauty, and tenderness of Christmas seemed to stir the quiet atmosphere of Queen's Chace. He sat alone in his library. Outside the sky was clear and blue, the air cold and biting; the hoarfrost lay white on the ground—the trees, the hedges, and the evergreens were bright with it. Through the silent frosty air came the joyous music of Christmas bells—what sorrow, what pain, what lost love, what dead hopes, what pathetic happiness! He listened, and his face grew sadder as the music came sweeter and clearer. Other music as sweet and hopeful came to him—the sounds of laughter and song, for Queen's Chace was filled with visitors, and they were keeping Christmas right royally. He wished the bells would cease ringing; there was some mute reproach to him in the sound. He wished that Christmas were over; it brought him sad and sorrowful memories. The only joy of his youth had grown into a lash which scourged him, which brought deep lines of pain and sorrow into his face, which darkened the bright world and caused even Christmas to be full of sad memories.

As he was thinking it all over, it seemed to him that that one folly was to him the dearest part of his life. Even now, when years had passed over it, when time should have almost obliterated it—even now it was the brightest recollection he had; it stood out a golden memory from the background of a dark life—a love so sharp, so sudden, so beautiful, so keen, so passionate, that the dead ashes of it stirred the life within him. This was the story of his folly and his love.

He, Sir Jasper Brandon, was the only son of his parents. His father, Sir Francis, married late in life; his mother, Lady Maud, was young; he was their only child and he was spoiled after a fashion that could have made him but evil results. The society with which his mother watched to his little bed, her array of fair fingers, his finger nail, his father's capricious speechless and blind joy in him, when, almost painful to him, they would have him remember the very breath of heaven which blew on him. No child was ever so surrounded with love and care. He grew up the very idol of their hearts; and what seemed wonderful was that the boy returned this love by one equally passionate and devoted.

The Brandon came of a Norman race, country, passionate, and silent—a race capable of grandest deeds, but silent and reserved, imperious in love, implacable in war—swift, keen, sure, silent—a race that hid hidden lives that the world never knew. They were all alike, these Brandon of Queen's Chace, dark, proud, haughty, passionate men, swift to love, and loving with terrible intensity; swift to hate, and hating with bitter animosity—men of strong passions, of great virtues and great faults—handsome men, all of them, with dark, clear-cut, prominent faces—faces too, that men trusted and women loved.

The young heir, Jasper Brandon, was in no way inferior to his ancestors. In his twentieth year the manhood within him seemed suddenly to awaken to life. He would have no more indulgence, no more petting and humoring. They might love him just as much, even more if they could, but he must assert his rights. He told his parents that he was going on a tour through Europe, and that for the next year or two they must be content to trust him to himself; yet, when the time came for bidding them, when he almost repented of his decision, his mother clung to him, her tender arms clasping his neck, her tears falling on his face—his father held his hands.

"You will remember, Jasper," he said, "that you had my life in your hands. I should never survive any wrong-doing of yours."

He smiled to himself, this proud young heir, thinking how improbable it was that he would be guilty of any "wrong-doing."

"If you live until I grieve you, father," he answered, "you will never die," and those were his farewell words.

He travelled through Norway and Sweden, through Germany and Holland, through fair France and sunny Spain; but he lingered longest in fair and fruitful Italy, where it seemed to him that his soul first woke to its full and perfect life. Venice had the greatest charm for him; Imperial Rome, gay Florence, ancient Verona, time-honored

Milan, were all beautiful, but Venice charmed him; he loved it as a lover loves his mistress. All the poetry and passion of his nature woke to life there. The dark old palaces, the silent canals, the tranquil waters, the swiftly-gliding gondolas, were all so many poems to him. He stood one day musing as he looked at the sculptured walls of a ducal palace, musing on the grand old Veronese tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet," thinking of the balcony scene, and the love that must have shone in the girl's face there, when suddenly from the lattice of a window near a girl's face peeped out—a girl's face—and he saw it only for one minute, yet in that minute the whole current of his life was changed. Before that he had thought that at some distant time he should marry, and that fair children would grow up around him, but he had given no thought to love. Now a swift deep love took possession of him; he felt that that girl's face was the star of his life. It was only a girl's face, with hair of light gold, and eyes of darkest blue—a face with a beautiful mouth—a face that, once seen, could never be forgotten. The girl looked slowly up and down the broad waters; then her eyes fell on the face upraised to hers, and she disappeared.

By dint of persevering inquiry he found out who she was, and learned her history; he resolved that he would marry her. Her name was Giulia di Cyntha, and she lived in a dull, gloomy, half-ruined old palace with her elder sister Assunta. They were the last descendants of a noble but ruined race. In the life of the elder sister Assunta there had been a tragedy. She had been beautiful in her youth, with the dark picturesque beauty of the Venetian women; and her lover, who held an appointment under the Venetian Government as it existed then, had gone to England on political business, and there had been foully and treacherously murdered. For this Assunta hated the English and England with a deadly hatred. She prayed morning and night for vengeance upon the perfidious and accursed country; she would have seen an Englishman die of hunger at her feet rather than have relieved him with even a crust of bread. She was twenty years of age when Giulia was born, and every year grew bitter. Their parents had died when she was twenty-six and the little golden-haired Giulia only six. They had but little money; the gloomy old palace, with its faded hangings, its worn-out furniture, its air of decay, was theirs, but the income left to them was but scanty. Assunta brought up her little sister to hate England.

"Pray, child," she would say, "that Heaven may bless every land except England. Pray that the sun may shine and the dew fall on every land except that. It is accursed, for innocent blood was shed there."

But Giulia could not learn to hate; when she had finished her prayers, she would say in a low voice that Assunta could not hear—"Heaven bless England too!"

Assunta watched the little Giulia grow until she became one of the loveliest maidens in Venice; but, when Jasper Brandon came from the land which she held accursed and asked for her treasure, she would not give her to him. She drove him away with stern, cruel words; she told him she would rather that her beautiful Giulia lay drowned and dead in the waters of the canal than that she became his wife. He had not her only five or six times when he asked her to be his wife—he had not asked her about her. His whole life had been absorbed in his love. He had forgotten his country, parents, friends; the swift, keen, sudden passion had taken possession of him; he had no life outside it, and he came of a race that never hesitated in love nor faltered in war. When Assunta drove him from the threshold with bitter words he made up his mind what to do. Looking into the face of the girl he loved, he said:

"I cannot live without you. Send me away if you will—I will not live. Come with me, and I will make this world heaven for us both."

She assented. He married her unknown to everyone, and took her away to a little place on the Mediterranean.

Assunta redoubled her prayers. Evil should, evil must, come to the country which called such monsters of men sons. She vowed solemnly never in life to see or speak to Giulia again—and she kept her word.

On those sweet southern shores Jasper and Giulia dwelled for one year. They lived on love one entire happy year. There were times when Jasper roused himself, to wonder, what his parents would say when he took his young bride home. He had no time to ask for their consent to his marriage, and when he was married he had many misgivings. He knew that they had great hopes as to his marriage—that

Valdoraine; so he felt that, perhaps, it would be better if he said nothing about it until he took his young wife home.

Then, when they saw her, when their eyes dwelt on the beauty of her most fair face, they would forgive him and love her.

So for this one happy year they lived on beauty and love—on sunshine and flowers. And they were so unutterably happy that it seemed as though the ordinary doom of man was not to fall on them.

"There has never been a love so strong, so beautiful as ours," he would say to her.

So amid the olives and the vines, amid the gorgeous flowers and the starry blossoms on the shores of the sapphire sea, under the light of the golden sun and shining stars, amid the music of birds and the laughter of sweet blossoms, they lived and loved. Only one year, and then the little child whose coming was to have crowned their happiness was born; but its birth cost its mother her life, and the same day on which the little Venetian opened her eyes, her mother, the beautiful golden-haired Giulia, closed her own forever.

Swift to love and swift to hate were the Brandon of Queen's Chace. He had loved the young mother with keen, intense passion—he hated the child with swift, keen hatred.

"Take it from my sight," he said to the weeping women. "Let me never see it. It has cost its mother her life." And they carried it away, weeping womanly tears of compassion.

He could not forgive the child because of its mother's death—he could not look at it. The nurses said the babe had its mother's eyes; and he thought to himself that to see Giulia's eyes in another's face would kill him.

He was more than half distraught when he bade Giulia's chief attendant write to Assunta to tell her of her sister's death. She came at once. Perhaps the sight of the beautiful babe he had prepared for his lost wife touched her heart, for though she sternly refused to see Jasper, she declared her intention of adopting the child. She would not exchange one word with him. All business was transacted through the child's friend who had stood by Giulia's death-bed. Assunta promised to adopt the child if Jasper would renounce all claim to her—if he would allow her to bring her up after her own fashion, in perfect ignorance of him and all belonging to him, believing that her parents were dead; moreover, he must promise never to claim her.

He was kneeling by his dead wife's side when these conditions were brought to him, and the dumb white lips could not open to say, "Love her because she was mine," the cold hands could not be clasped in supplication to him, the mother's heart could not speak in the closed eyes. The only human being who could have saved the little one lay there, "stagnant and still," and as he looked at the beautiful face, so calm in the majesty of death, he turned to the bearer of the message and said:

"Tell Assunta di Cyntha that in proportion as I love my wife I dislike the child, and that I give her entirely to her, never wishing to see her or hear of her again."

At the same time he was just. He offered to settle a certain sum of money on the little one, more than sufficient to educate her and to dower her. Assunta's pale face flushed crimson when she heard it.

"I touch that accursed English gold!" she cried. "I would see all Venice perish first!"

Without another word she took the child in her arms and left the house. Even in death she refused to look on the face of her sister again.

Then came for Jasper a long blank. He remembered in after years that he had stood by the grave of his wife—he remembered falling upon it with a loud bitter cry—then came a blank. The roses and passion-flowers were in full bloom when that happened; when he recovered his senses, the roses had withered, the passion-flowers were dead, and the winter was coming. He was lying not in his own house—wise doctors had forbidden that—but in one of the large hotels in Venice, fighting for life. He lived, but the world was never the same to him again. His youth, his love, his hopes, his heart—all lay in the grave of his young wife. He was never the same. When he was strong enough to travel, he returned home, and his parents were almost beside themselves with grief at his changed face.

"A fever caught in Italy," explained it all. Lady Brandon sighed mournfully over it. "Ah, if he had but been content to stay at home!"

Then he realized what he had done, what he had suffered, what he had lost. He was not ashamed of his marriage, but he shut up the sweet sad love-story in his heart, guarding it as a miser guards his gold—not to have saved his life could he have spoken Giulia's

name. It seemed impossible to him that any one should ever understand that sweet mad love of his. How should they? And he could not tell them. He could not bare that would to any human eye. It would have been easier for him to plunge a sword into his heart than to talk of Giulia and Venice. He shut up the sweet sad story in his heart and lived on it. People called him proud and cold, reserved and silent; they never dreamed of the burning love beneath the ice; there was no one who ever suspected him of a wild passionate love and a sorrow that would be his until he died. No one knew that he had loved as few loved, and that his heart lay buried in a dead wife's grave. Time passed on, he grew stronger; the full tide of health and strength returned to him, and with it came a longing to take his share in the full active life around him.

"Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife. When I had my days before me, and the tumult of my life."

That was his one cry—work, toil, labor—anything that could teach him to forget. He plunged into the hottest fray of political life; his speeches rang through all England; men named him with deepest admiration. He was a power in the State; he spent his days in work, his nights in study. Did he forget? At times, when busy members found him were disputing vehemently, he found himself standing on the Rialto at Venice, gazing at a sweet girl's face. He found himself under the vines, with eyes and passion-flowers clustering at his feet, white hands warmly clasped in his own, and a golden head lying on his breast. They wondered, those who watched him, why at times he rose suddenly with a stifling cry, flinging out his arms as though the breath of life failed him. They thought the passion of his own words moved him. How should they guess of the sweet short love and the tragedy which had ended it?

Once, and once only, he was induced to enter a theatre; it was when one of the finest living tragedians was to appear. He never thought of asking what the play was, but when the curtain rose and he saw Venice, he almost swooned like a dead man, smitten with a terrible pain. Still no one knew the cause; it was all buried in his own heart—he himself was the sepulchre of his love. Time passed on. Sir Francis grew old and feeble; his one longing was to see his son married before he died. The first time that he mentioned it Jasper drew back with horror on his face.

"Marry!" He with his heart in that far-off grave! And the father, looking into the son's face, saw a tragedy there. He said no more to him for a long time; but one day, when he was weak and ill, he cried out:

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## FRASER'S STORE. MASONIC BLOCK, MANITOBA.

## City and Vicinity.

Preserving Peas by the pail at Cassels. If Gibson & Fraser unloaded their first carload of cutters last week.

Frank Todd sent the man Rowant, sent from Virden for assault, to the asylum, he being out of his mind.

Capt. Wastie has moved his office to his auction rooms opposite Dr. Fleming's Drug Store.

The Free Press has an article on Greenway's malfeasance in office headed "As well excuse Judas." We second the motion.

The Rapid City papers say that the school pupils of Mr. Perry, late of this city, gave an interesting concert the other evening.

Mr. Searth, M. P. of Winnipeg, and Mr. Hamilton, C. P. R. Land Commissioner, were in the city on Tuesday looking over the situation.

Wheat is dropping in value, but those who have it to sell need not be afraid as a fair figure will be paid in the spring, for a large quantity of seed.

Reserving Plums, Peas, Grapes, Peaches etc., will arrive every week from Ontario to G. & D. Cassels, leave your order and get them delivered fresh.

Mr. Buckle has been appointed ticket agent for the N. P. and M. Railway. It is a long look ahead, but there is nothing like securing a good man in time.

Filling's monthly sale took place yesterday, and was well attended. Bidding was lively, a lot of money changed hands. The next sale takes place on the 19th of December.

Mr. and Mrs. Brice, Sourland, had a narrow escape from death by a runaway the other day. The wheels of wagon passed over both.

Wheat is coming down in price, no being now the highest. It may drop still lower. Oats being 25 cts. barley 25 to 35, potatoes 50 to 60, butter 25, eggs 20, meat 10, delivered, from last quotation, wood \$5 co.

Mr. Wm. Wilson is going around with one arm in a sling. The other day he had his thumb put off, while working a fence post. The thumb was turned back to the wrist.

Mr. Wm. Wilson blacksmith last week put on 120 horse shoes for sundry parties, calling at his shop. This we believe is the heaviest work in this line yet reported from one shop.

A runaway team of horses on Rosser last Saturday evening made everything lively for a while, as Rosser is generally crowded with teams. A bad accident will happen before long, if horses are not tied.

In his thanksgiving sermon here the other day, the Rev. Mr. Fortin said the political atmosphere was rather gloomy, and our imp thinks he told the truth.

D. McDonald and H. C. Simpson, Virden; A. E. Philp and G. V. Fraser, this city; G. Armstrong, Dalton; J. Renton, Delram, have been appointed commissioners to take affidavits in the Manitoba courts.

Mr. Spencer Farmer who was a long time clerk in the post office here, is now in the city on a visit. He says he is married and has a bouncing boy and is happy. He advises all his Brandon comrades to go and do likewise.

Mr. Sanford, N. P. and M. freight agent at Winnipeg, was in the city Monday skimming for business. He will have to wait till his line comes here before he can do much, and then his trade will depend on his rates.

The session of the Local House is over, and the members have returned home. If any one can show us the object of the session outside of giving a couple of hundred dollars to each of the thirty M. P. P.'s, we would like to know it.

The special correspondent of the Winnipeg Sun—an attack of the office, puts down Brandon's improvements this year at between 60 and 70,000, they were just double that amount \$145,000. Come tell the truth, even if it does show the hub to a disadvantage.

The Princess Opera Company, of Winnipeg, arrived in the city on Sunday in full force. So far they have drawn large houses. Since their last appearance they have been joined by two good actresses. To night the famous drama "Colleen Bawn" will be presented, and is sure to draw a good attendance.

Mr. J. C. Todd has been appointed ticket agent for the St. Paul M. and M. road, the Grand Trunk, for all points in Canada and the States. He has booked 8 passengers for the excursion the third of Dec., 4 for the 11th, and 13 for the one on the 17th of December.

And now, D. McLean, M. P. P. for Dennis, is asking an extension of the N. P. line from the local fields, when built there to Virden. This is just what we have all along represented would be the result—extensions will be asked right and left by Government assistance, till the entire revenues of the province are eaten up in interest. A halt will then be called.

"Illustrated Brandon," a work upon which Mr. H. T. McPhillips has been engaged some time, will be issued about the 1st of December from the office of the "Dominion Illustrated," Montreal. We have seen proofs of a number of the views it will contain, and, judging by their artistic merit, the publication should not fail to meet a rapid sale. See advertisement in another column.

Our local curling club has been reorganized with the following officers: F. W. Peters, president; Dr. McDonald, vice-president; J. Hanbury, and vice-president; Mayor Fraser, A. Kelly, W. M. Rose, A. Jukes, and H. J. Skynner, managing committee. Messrs. Mann and Durham are erecting a rink for the club south of Princess ave and near the Baptist Church.

The many friends of Mr. Wm. Creighton of Daly Municipality will regret to hear of the death of his wife, on Saturday last. The deceased had been ailing for the past six months, and came to Brandon to be near medical treatment, but she expired on Saturday without the slightest consciousness of the nearness of her end up to a few hours before her death. She leaves five children behind the youngest being eight years of age. She was highly respected by all her neighbors, of Daly, and her decease at the early age of 54 years will be a serious loss to her husband and family.

V. Mitchell has erected a large black Smith's shop at Oak Lake.

The Thanksgiving dinner in the rink, Thursday, under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist Church was a decided success. The concert is said by many to have been the best ever given in the place.

Mr. Ashley, engineer, on the N. P. and M. railway has been through a portion of Oaklands surveying the line to Brandon. He says his Co. are bound to reach Brandon next year, and it is because they have lost faith in the philosophy of Joe Martin, they have applied to Ottawa for charters. Reeve Nichol has been out with him and his doing all that a man can do to get a railway for his municipality at the earliest day.

The Portage Review edited by an ex M. P. P. says:—While climbing into his rig the other day, Dr. Milroy's horse took fright and started, throwing the medical gentleman severely to the ground and running away with only a part of the vehicle, which was badly demoralized.

Now, what bothers us is to know what business Dr. Milroy's horse had to be "medically attended," and even if he had secured his degree of M.D. with flying colors what right he had to be "climbing into his rig" when his proper place was between the shafts.

Our townsman, Mr. J. J. Parker, is fast developing into an expert detective; in short he will soon be one of those possessing the "eye that never sleeps." Some days ago Mr. W. H. Greer engaged him to go in search of Hughes the absconder from McBurnie's farm, who owes about \$2,000 to sundry parties around town. Mr. Greer's claim was for \$400 on stock covered by lien notes. Mr. Parker learned that Hughes started away two weeks ago Sunday, and he left the following Thursday learning that Hughes drove across to St. John, Dakota, with all the cattle and effects he could collect. At St. John he entered through the customs as a settler, thence he drove to Kinkora on the St. Paul and Man. M. Road, where he took the train for St. Paul. He reached there the following Sunday and one hour after landing he was overtaken by J. J., the Brandon detective. Mr. Parker stuck to him closer than a brother for 24 hours trying to get Greer's money out of him by coaxing him, but Hughes would not coax worth a cent, and J. J. would not funk any better. When coaxing would not do J. J. went to the Canadian law office of Rogers, Hamilton & Co. and took out attachments. With these in hand Hughes drew a knife and threatened dire calamities to the man who touched his effects, but J. J. told him he was no more afraid of knives or "dire calamities" than he was of Greer's government, and so pressed on until Hughes held out a flag of truce. In the mean time Hughes raised some money from his lawyer, Rutherford, and settled up "like a little man" curing the generosity of Manitobans. However, J. J. took home the wealth to Greer and made the latter happy, without having a scar on him more than the C. P. R. men received from Joe Martin at the battle of "The Axe hevels."

## The Assizes.

(Continued from Page Two.)

readily have procured some kind of bells on which to spend the night. Messrs. Mill and Peterson prosecuted and Messrs. Hagles, Daly and Greer defended the prisoner. Mr. Hagle made a most able address, and at the close the Chief Justice gave his charge to the jury it being in the nature of justifiable homicide. After a short time in consultation the jury found a verdict of justifiable homicide and the prisoner was discharged.

The second charge against James Fletcher—stabbing And. Matheson with intent to do bodily harm was not pressed.

Scott the alleged thief of Oak Lake was defended by W. A. McDonald, and acquitted without much of an effort.

"No Bill" was found against Ronat charged with assault as he is partially insane.

There were but three civil cases and they were disposed of as follows: Hogg v Evans, interpleader; verdict for defendant.

Wesbrook v Lindsay et al. verdict for plaintiff for \$652.97.

Maxwell v Moore et al. verdict against Humphreys, one of the defendants for \$347.25.

## GRAND JURY'S PRESENTMENT.

May it please your Lordship.—We the grand jurors, beg to submit for your information that we have finished the duties you had assigned us at this assize court, on behalf of the Crown.

We beg to thank your Lordship for the valuable instruction contained in your charge to us relating to our duties, and the assistance thereby rendered in the judgement of the serious charges placed before us by the sel for the Crown.

We have carefully considered your Lordship's important reference to the proposed abolition of grand juries and we entirely concur in your opinion on this question—that "if any change should be made it must be with great caution and ample security for the discharge in some manner or other of the important duties now discharged by the grand juries."

We are further of the opinion that the maintenance of the grand jury in the administration of criminal law and other matters of public interest is an invaluable benefit to a new country like ours, as we can testify to many abuses already removed through its influence in the past few years.

We note your reference to the necessity of absolute secrecy in the deliberations and conclusions of grand juries, and your jurors are fully sensible that the divulgements that have taken place in an eastern district of this Province by grand jurors are a disgraceful violation of solemn obligations which certainly merit your Lordship's severe denunciation.

Your jurors would suggest that while efficiency is desirable in all branches of the administration of justice and other matters of legislation in this Province, economy should also be observed even in the expenses of Crown prosecution.

We your jurors, are of the opinion that it is desirable that the Government should take steps to investigate the cause of malarial fever so prevalent throughout this Province.

We would respectfully call your Lord-

ship's attention to the fact that a number of individuals are from time to time incarcerated in the common jail for insanity, where no suitable treatment can be afforded those unfortunate, but where the surroundings must be rather an aggravation of their infirmities.

We are of the opinion that an asylum should be provided for this unfortunate class of persons in a conveniently situated westerly part of this Province.

Your jurors are fully assured, because of the serious losses heretofore sustained throughout the Province by prairie fires, that some more stringent protective enactments should be placed on the statutes and perhaps those taking the form of self protection would be the most easily enforced and the most generally observed; such, for instance, as would compel every settler to place a fire break of legal width around his improvements. This would render, to a great extent every man his own and his brother's keeper.

Your jurors are painfully impressed with the difficulties to be met in the way of collecting the necessary taxation in many localities for the maintenance of schools and municipal improvements from waste lands, and lands illegally occupied, and would suggest that greater powers be accorded to municipalities by the Local Government, whereby additional revenue may be added for the support of our schools and necessary improvements.

We also beg to call your Lordship's attention to the extensive international traffic at Kilarney and other points on the southern boundary of this district, your jurors have information that frequent visits from undesirable visitors who violate the customs laws and commit depredations to settlers along the boundary line require more vigilant protection than at present afforded, and that one or more lookouts be constructed, at provincial expense at the most accessible points on the frontier.

We beg to report that we have in accordance with your Lordship's instructions visited the court house and jail, and have made a careful inspection of all the apartments, cells, and out-buildings connected therewith, and we have great pleasure in reporting all the appointments, and premises generally in safe condition. Under the guidance of the labor Mr. R. J. Nixson, we examined the books of the prison and found seven prisoners in custody whom we saw, and upon questioning them found no complaints either as to treatment or food supplied. Two of the prisoners are charged with murder (one since sentenced to death) and one for larceny, now serving out sentence. We also found four inmates confined for symptoms of insanity, one of whom, John Nichol, we consider thoroughly capable to earn a living, and recommend that he be discharged at once. We also advise that Benjamin Stewart be removed to the asylum. We also advise Alphonse Rowat be removed to the asylum; we also advise that Jane Burns, confined as a lunatic, be removed to the hospital, where she could obtain more suitable nursing and attendance.

From the jail we learned that 163 persons have been imprisoned in this jail since its opening on the third day of March, 1885. Also beg to report that the jailer asks that provision be made for the construction of a suitable winter cellar for the storage of vegetables for the use of the prisoners, whose services he would utilize in raising a sufficient quantity in the garden adjoining the jail. The jailer also reports that a new supply of clothing is required for the prisoners, consisting of boots, moccasins, underclothing and blankets.

The grand jury desire in conclusion to congratulate Your Lordship upon your merited elevation to the position of Chief Justice, since your last visit to the western judicial district, and are also pleased to inform you that great progress has been made in the settlement of this district during the past three years, that a large area of lands has since been brought under cultivation; that the population has already largely increased and that the general feeling among all classes is of a more hopeful, stable and permanent character than at any other period in the history of this country's settlement.

Your jurors, representing almost every part of this widely extended district of the most fertile portion of the Province, feel that we would be remiss in our duty did we not commend a continued agitation persisted in by our eastern brethren on railway matters, and we, as law-abiding subjects, advise the settlement of such difficulties by the proper courts of the Dominion.

In conclusion, your grand jurors beg to thank the Crown Counsel for the valuable assistance rendered us during our session.

Thos. Wastie, Foreman.

## A Reasonable Hope.

Is one that is based on previous knowledge or experience therefore those who use B. B. E. may reasonably hope for a cure because the previous experience of thousands who have used it, shows it to have succeeded even in the worst cases.

## A Narrow Escape.

People who are exposed to the sudden changes of our northern climate have little chance of escaping colds, coughs, sore throats and lung troubles. The best safe-guard is to keep Haggard's Pectoral Balsam at hand. It is a quick relief and reliable cure for such complaints.

## HINTS.

On the 20th, the wife of J. C. Kavanagh, Post Master, City, of a son.

## LOST.

ON Saturday last, a grain bag full of dry goods, between Brown and Osborne's Ferry, via Comings. A suitable reward for any one leaving it at Fraser Bros., Brandon, or G. M. Gill's, Carleton.

## TO LET.

A dwelling house on 11th street, 2nd door north of a Rosser avenue. Apply at Hughes number Office or to T. H. PATRICK, South P. O.

## LOST.

ON Saturday last, Locket with Pythian emblem on it, two photographs inside. Finder will be suitably rewarded by returning same to ED. BARRETT.

## SCALES! SCALES!



**HAY AND STOCK,**  
ALSO  
**Platform Scales of all Sizes,**  
from 400 to 5,000 lbs.

Special Inducements to Elevator and Mill Men.

**E. & C. Gurney & Co.,**  
WINNIPEG.  
Office, Cor. Princess and Alexander Streets.

## STRAYED.

Stance into the premises of the undersigned, sec 23, C. 10, range 20, Bedford Stock Farm, about the latter part of October, an aged white mare, hollow back, with a round spring coil at side. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take them away, or they will be sold by public auction according to law.

J. E. SMITH.

## SCRATCHED 28 YEARS.

A Sealy Itching, Skin Disease with endless Suffering Cured by CUTICURA Remedies.

If I had known of the CUTICURA REMEDIES twenty-eight years ago it would have saved me \$200.00 (two hundred dollars) and an immense amount of suffering. My disease (Psoriasis) commenced on my head not larger than a cent. It spread rapidly all over my body and got under my nails. The scales would drop off of me all the time and my suffering was endless, and without relief. One thousand dollars would not tempt me to have this disease over again. I am a poor man, but feel rich to be relieved of what some of the doctors would be better, some ringworm, psoriasis, etc. I took... Sarsaparilla over one year and a half, but no cure. I went to two or three doctors but no cure. I cannot praise the CUTICURA REMEDIES too much. They have made my skin free and pure as a baby's. All I used of them was three boxes of CUTICURA, and three of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and two boxes of SOAP. If you had I been here a day you would have cured me for two hundred dollars you would have had the money. I looked like the picture in your book of Psoriasis (picture number two, "How to cure skin diseases"), but now I am as clear as any person ever was. Through force of habit I rub my hands over my arms and legs once in a while to scratch but to no purpose. I scratched 28 years and it got to be a kind of second nature to me. I thank you a thousand times. Anything that you want to know write me, or any one who reads this may write to me and I will answer it.

Waterbury, Vt., Jan. 20th, 1887.

Psoriasis, Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Lichen Puritus, Scall Head, Milk Crust, Dandruff, Barbers', Bakers', Grocers' and Washers', Itch, and every species of Itching, Burning, Scaly, Pimples, Humors of the Skin and Scalp and Blood, with loss of Hair, are positively cured by CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Cure externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier internally, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c (10 Soap, 50c); RESOLVENT, 25c, prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black heads, chapped and oily skins prevented by CUTICURA Medicated Soap.

**FREE! FREE! FROM PAIN!**  
In one minute the CUTICURA Anti-Pain plaster relieves Rheumatism, Sciatica, Sprains, Sharp and Nervous Pains, Stiffness, and Weakness. The great and only pain-killing Plaster, 50c.

**MEDICAL HALL,**  
Rosser Ave - - Brandon.

Halpin's Sarsaparilla,

For the Blood and Skin Diseases so prevalent at this season of the year.

A SURE REMEDY.

Halpin's Hair Promoter

Counteracts the effect of Alkali Water on the Hair.

**HALPIN'S HORSE AND**

**CATTLE REMEDIES**

Give perfect satisfaction.

Physicians' Prescriptions

Prepared Day or Night by Competent Dispensers.

**N. J. HALPIN,**

**CHEMIST & DRUGGIST,**

BRANDON, MAN.

**9 Cords in 10 HOURS**

Runs Easy NO BACKACHE

BY ONE MAN. Greatly Improved. Also TOOL for filling saws whereby those that experienced cutting a mile, in a minute, can now cut a mile in 10 minutes. He makes saws, and sets them, and he makes all the wood and all the iron in the timber business to write for our Illustrated Free Catalogue. We have everything you want, the greatest labor-saver and best-selling tool now on earth. First order from your vicinity secure same. Write to us. We manufacture in Canada. **POLSKA SAWING MACHINE CO., 200 to 211 St. Clair Street, Chicago, U. S. A.**

## Second Annual

## PRIZE DRAWING

WE take pleasure in announcing that our Second Annual Prize Drawing will commence on November 1st, and continue until the middle of January. To every purchaser of 5 pounds of our "Can't Be Drawn" Tea, we give one ticket, entitling the holder to a chance to get one of the 25 Prizes to be distributed.

The Ware is all of the best Quality; guaranteed Plate, purchased from our Jeweller, P. E. Durst, and can be seen displayed at our premises, on

SIXTH STREET.

after the above date. The lot comprises the following useful articles:—

Tea Setts,

Water Pitchers,

Cake Baskets,

Cruet Stands,

Butter Coolers,

Clocks,

Silver Cups,

Mystic Rings,

Etc., Etc.

Remember we charge you no more for the Tea than our regular price has been for years. If you get a prize you will have a beautiful and useful article that costs you nothing. We guarantee the tea to be all that the name implies. Call at our Bargain Grocery and inspect the Prizes and be convinced of their quality. We save you money on even the necessities of life and we can prove it.

Produce of all kinds bought for cash at trade, and the top of the market allowed.

**BARRETT & CO.**

Successors to Hanbury & Co.

Opp. Kelly House.

**JUST RECEIVED!**

A large stock of all kinds

**Building Material,**

**Cedar Shingles, &c.**

**STORM SASH,**

made on shortest notice at lowest prices.

**Doors,**

**Sash,**

**Mouldings,**

**TURNT WORK!**

Constantly on hand.

Get our Prices.

Examine our Stock before ordering elsewhere.

**Forbes & Stirrett**

10th STREET, BRANDON.

**Perfect Fits.**

IF YOU WANT A

**Cheap & Neat Fitting Suit**

—Call on—

**L. STOCKTON.**

Next to Dr. Fleming's Drug Store

**Fashionable**

**Spring**

**Suits**

**FROM \$16 UP.**

All work guaranteed to give satisfaction. Bring along your cash and we will make prices suit you.

**L. STOCKTON.**

Pioneer Tailor.